"SHE WAS THE PRETTIEST WOMAN ON THE NEW YORK STAGE"

Five of the Best Pictures of Caroline Miskel Hoyt, Who Died Last Sunday, Which Photographically Show Why She Was So Admired for Her Beauty of Form and Face and the Artistic Way She Dressed.

CAROLINE MISKEL HOYT, who was by a great number of theatre goers considered the prettiest woman on the American stage, has just died under the saddest of all possible circumstances.

The Sunday Journal prints a series of the best photographs ever taken of Mrs. Hoyt. They will be regarded by all with sympathy and sorrow, and serve as a tribute to the memory of this lovely and amiable woman.

Mrs. Hoyt's beauty has been admired by thousands. Many a painter was entranced by her coloring. She was of rather more than average height and of so graceful a carriage that she appeared tall. Her hair was abundant and brilliantly golden, a rare hue. Pink and white mingled most delightfully in her complexion. Long dark lashes emphasized the loveliness of her face.

Mrs. Hoyt wore very artistic dresses, excellent in taste, material and fashion. One of her photographs shows her in a black velvet gown, which everybody will recognize as superb.

Those who saw Mrs. Hoyt in "A Temperance Town" will not easily forget the effect she created when she came on the stage wearing a beautiful plum-colored gown. She carried a great bunch of roses, with some of which she decorated a sword. At this moment she presented an entrancing picture, and it is hard indeed, and sad to think, that so much youthful grace and loveliness are now cold in death.

Universally admired for her beauty, loaded with the good things of life, Mrs. Hoyt was never in the least spoilt by these advantages. She was sympathetic and unaffected toward all the members of her profession. She realized, moreover, that her success on the stage was in a large measure due to her personal attractions and held a modest opinion of her own artistic merits. She strove, however, with great earnestness and intelligence to advance in her art, and at the time of her last appearance on the stage it was admitted that she had made great progress.

Mrs. Hoyt's last appearance on the stage was at Hoyt's Theatre last January in the character of Grace Holme in "A Contented Woman"—the part which was most completely identified with her own disposition, and in which she will doubtless be longest remembered. The occasion of her retirement was one of the theatrical events of the season. She was in the flower of her beauty and talent, and the play-going public was loath to lose her. But no one could deny the womanliness of her motive. She left the stage at the height of her dramatic powers in order to devote herself wholly to her husband and her home.

Mrs. Hoyt's stage career covers less than seven years. In 1891, when she was considerably less than twenty years old, she came to New York from her home in Covington, Ky. Her maiden name was Caroline Miskel Scales, and she was related to the best families of the South.

Her first engagement was in Augustin Daly's company, where she played small parts for a year. Buried as she was among the newcomers and the unknowns, her beauty and a charm of manner peculiarly her own distinguished her from the start. Robert Mantell saw her and engaged her for an important ingenue part in his company, of which she was a member for another year.

Her performance in Mr. Mantell's company attracted the attention of Mr. Hoyt, who was then preparing to produce "A Temperance Town." He engaged her for the principal part, that of Ruth, a sweet and simple creation in which the young girl's charms were well displayed.

Her success was instantaneous. She was declared by critics in all parts of the country to be the most beautiful actress in America. "Beautiful Caroline Miskel" was the name given to her in conversation and in print. When the announcement was made of her marriage to Mr. Hoyt, it was agreed that he had won his greatest success. His friends have said his play "A Contented Woman" was an inspiration following his contemplation of his wife's chief attribute. With Mrs. Hoyt in the title part—Grace Holme—the inspiration appeared credible to most beholders. Besides Ruth in "A Temperance Town," it was the only character of her husband's creating in which she ever appeared. There was no occasion for her to appear in others. They endeared her to playgoers in nearly every city and town in America.

Mrs. Hoyt's death occurred on Sunday, October 2. Her new-born child died a few minutes after her. This terrible tragedy was entirely unexpected. Mrs. Hoyt had been in excellent health and spirits on the morning of the day on which she died. She had discussed with her husband some jokes which he was to use in his next play.

The funeral took place at Mr. Hoyt's home, Charlestown, N. H. The mother was buried with her baby in her arms.

COPYRIGHT BY B J FALK

CAROLINE MISKEL HOYT IN A POSE SHOWING THE COMPLETENESS OF HER BEAUTY

HER PROFILE IN HIGH LIGHT

COPYRIGHT BY B J FALK

HER FAMOUS PHOTOGRAPH IN THE BLACK VELVET GOWN

COPYRIGHT BY B J FALK

THE BACK OF HER BEAUTIFUL NECK AND SHOULDERS

COPYRIGHT BY W M MORRISON CHICAGO

COPYRIGHT BY J. SCHLOSS NY

A LOVELY FRONT VIEW OF HER FACE

WHY ALPINE CLIMBING IS FASCINATING.

By the Rev. Dr. Charles H. Parkhurst, Who Has Just Returned from His Annual Mountain-Climbing Vacation in Switzerland.

FATAL ACCIDENTS IN THE ALPS THIS SEASON.

Dr. John Hopkinson, Fellow of the Royal Society of England, fell from Dent de Veisivi.
Dr. Hopkinson's son and two daughters.
Prof. Nasse, of Berlin, fell into crevasse on Piz Palu.
Norman Neruda, English artist, struck by falling stone on Funffingerspitze.
Mr. Aston-Binns, English clergyman, fell into crevasse on Aiguilles des Charmoz.
Guide Imsen fell into crevasse in Aiguilles des Charmoz.

THE list of fatal accidents from Alpine climbing has been greater this season than ever before. Eight persons have lost their lives in a most frightful manner, by falling down deep chasms, slipping on the glaciers and dropping into yawning crevasses and by being struck by falling rocks and avalanches.

Most of these have been men noted in science, art and in the Church. One of the most terrible accidents was that of Dr. John Hopkinson, of London, the noted electrical scientist, and his son and two daughters, who perished on the Dent de Veisivi, by losing his foothold on a high cliff and being precipitated to a moraine thousands of feet below.

Still more thrilling in heroic interest was the death of Professor Nasse, of Berlin, whose guide, Schnitzler, dangling at the end of the life line over a crevasse, cut the rope to save those above him. But by some miracle he fell uninjured to the bottom, and on regaining the top of the cliff pulled up his companions, only to find Professecr Nasse, whom he had been willing to sacrifice his own life for, already dead from strangulation.

Other deaths on the Alps were those of Norman Neruda, the English artist, and the Rev. Mr. Aston-Binns, whose faithful guide, Imsen, died with him on the dangerous Aiguilles des Charmoz.

What the fascination of Alpine climbing is which lures people on to those perilous heights season after season, despite the warning off such accidents, Dr. Parkhurst tells in vivid words from his own experience.

IN SPITE of all the terrible accidents in the Alps this season, I can say positively that it will not made the sport of Alpine climbing less popular next year.

There is an exhilaration, or intoxication, I may say, about this recreation that cannot be affected by the thought of danger. The experience of rising to those great heights is like a draught of champagne.

It quickens every faculty of the mind. It gives a feeling of being uplifted. The physical fatigue of climbing is forgotten. Even long after the descent the feeling of exhilaration still remains.

There is a place on the Rothhorn where one must make his own way on a ledge but three inches wide, along the face of a cliff, with an abyss thousands of feet below. This may seem a frightful thing to do for pleasure, but under the excitement of the journey one goes through it with positive delight.

Besides this physical sensation, there are aesthetic emotions aroused. The sublimity of the scenery is indiscribable. To stand on the Matterhorn and other peaks of the Alps, and gaze out over France, Germany and Austria, is a sight to be remembered a lifetime.

Add to this the nearer scenery of chasms yawning thousands of feet below you, glacial fields all about, gray, rocky summits on every hand, and clouds floating far below. Why, I prize more dearly the memory of those scenes than I would all the paintings of scenery in all the galleries of Europe.

There is the view of the heavens also. The air is so rare and so pure that the stars and planets shine with wonderful brilliancy. A shower of August meteors seen from those heights is a marvellous display, filling the whole sky with brilliancy.

Then there is the intense silence, broken only by the roar of avalanches and the rush of storms and the rumble and echoes of thunder.

Such sights and sounds make a new world. One forgets everything in his past life, his ambitions even are swallowed up in the tremendously impressive present, in the face of the awful grandeur all about him.

Some are affected most powerfully in a religious way. To them a mountain top is a shrine, and the journey up and down is like a sacred pilgrimage. Others are attracted to the feats of mountain climbing for the sake of experiencing the physical and aesthetic effects I have alluded to.

I know that some people shrink with dread at the mere thought of standing on the edge of a cliff and looking down thousands of feet.

I have seen people in the Alps whose knees grew weak and their heads dizzy on approaching a deep abyss. For myself, I delight in such scenes. I have never experienced a weakening in the limbs or dizziness, even when looking over the highest precipices. I merely delight in the grandeur of the scene.

In ascending to great heights, above 12,000 feet, I have not experienced any of the distressing symptoms which attack many climbers. A slight bleeding at the nose on one occasion was the nly thing of this sort I ever had.

But it is not the view alone, nor the exhilaration of the air, nor the emotions of grandeur alone, that make up the stimulus of Alpine climbing. There is the sport of physical exercise.

In making a descent a person may coast down over a glacier for thousands of feet. A stiffening of the knees and skilful use of the alpenstock and a sharp look ahead for crevasses are all that is necessary for such a thrilling descent.

The greater number of accidents in Alpine climbing this year is due partly to the fact that greater numbers of people ascended the Alps this year than usual. This was on account of the exceptionally fine weather which prevailed during July and August.

Yet these fatalities will not deter others from going over the same routes next year where accidents occurred this season. Mountain climbers go on the theory that lightning never strikes twice in the same place. They also consider that proper precautions were not taken.

Many accidents occur through not having guides, or from two many amateurs being in the same party. For the greatest safety but one amateur should be on a rope with the guides.

Too much care cannot be taken in the selection of guides, not only as to their skill but as to their previous reputation for courage.

The Alpine guides as a class are brave fellows. The way in which one of them attempted to save Professor Nasse this Summer proves this. His party was descending Piz Palu when a snow bridge gave way beneath Professor Nasse, and Schnitzler, one of his guides.

Another guide, a Tyrolean, checked their fall by getting a foothold on the brink of the chasm. Schnitzler, swinging there in midair, saw that he must cut the rope and drop, or his weight would drag the whole line of men down to certain death.

He did not hesitate, but cut the line and plunged down the crevasse.

But instead of being dashed to pieces he actually reached the bottom in safety by avoiding in his fall the sharp points of jagged ice and slipping down the smooth face of the crevasse.

He even returned to the top and assisted in pulling up Professor Nasse. But by a singular fate the Professor was dead, having perished from strangulation while being suspended, while the heroic guide who cut his own life-line was uninjured.

The mountain where Dr. Hopkinson and his children met such a terrible death, was not particularly high nor dangerous. For this reason, probably, he thought he could dispense with guides. I am familiar with that mountain, but I should not climb it without guides. I suppose that many people will rejoice at the thought that before long they can ascend in safety the Jungfrau by a railroad and elevator, which are now being constructed. But this will not stop Alpine climbing. The people who do this don't want any assistance of that sort. There are railroads enough to ride on in the valleys and lowlands of the world.

New Smokeless Powder Problems.

Now that smokeless powder has come into use, the United States soldier will have to become trained in the use of it. He will have to train his ears in the future as well as his eyes. He will have to determine by the sound of the enemy's guns from what direction the firing is coming, and exactly how far they are away. He can depend no longer on the smoke to locate the enemy.

This will, of course, necessitate an increase in our standing army, as it would be difficult for a volunteer to be able to accomplish this without months of drilling and training. It will also require entirely new methods in drilling. The use of smokeless powder, moreover, involves many untried problems, a fact which was demonstrated in the war with Spain.